FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing a song in thy praise.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream,
Thou dove whose soft echo resounds from the hill,
Thou green crested lap-wing, with noise loud and shrill,
Ye wild whistling warblers your music forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering dream.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
There oft as mild evening sweeps over the lea,
Thy sweet scented groves shade my Mary and me.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher of
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